

Page 1.

Theo. Kruger

17 Oct 1891

Hudson's Bay Co "Sooyore House"  
and the Kruger Home stood  
off the Crest of the Hill they  
looking Sooeyos Lake the  
old Hudson Bay Bridge  
across the narrows - and  
the little Island where Mr.  
Krugers "Wild Tame Geese"  
nested raised their young.  
I had and heard when  
Riches and Pack Hares  
crossed the trail which <sup>passed</sup> went  
along the foot of the Island.  
It was on this the food that  
I remember Mr. Kruger he  
was holding me in front of  
him on the saddle - he was  
holding a rifle - which had  
fallen in the middle of the

that







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middle of the ford & there we  
sat - water rushing past  
waiting for the mule to get  
over his "huff" - I was 4  
feet - for that morning I  
had climbed into the Ranch  
made wooden wagon hauled  
by m & Jerry - the yoke of Aken  
driven by Long Jim the  
Sudan - going over to the fuel  
House to get logs for firewood  
for we had just moved into the  
new home on the East side -  
So to the "gees" - the Haws & the  
"get up" of Long Jim we <sup>on</sup> ~~crossed~~  
along <sup>the</sup> crossed the ford - where  
I climbed off and ran up the  
hill to Briggses - ~~for~~ <sup>there</sup> what  
were supposed to be me & sons



in the table of the food & there was  
not a whole unbroken part  
was left for the birds to eat  
the rest was all gone  
I went for the first time  
to the church in the town  
with my mother & brother  
to the service - the pastor of the  
church was a very fine man  
the service was very interesting  
I was very much interested  
in the service & the people  
were very kind & friendly  
to us. I was very much  
pleased to go to the service  
and to see the people  
who were so kind & friendly  
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Page 3.

Realized that I would be  
mixed - Mr. Freger saddled  
the mule hence the episode -  
The Hudsons Bay Trading Post  
"Sooport House" had been established  
by Rodrick Findlay as the  
Chief fur trader in 1865 - and  
Thodore Freger put in charge  
in 1866 +



Page 2

is a great deal of  
is a great deal of  
- the whole of the  
the whole of the  
"200 years of  
the whole of the  
the whole of the  
the whole of the  
the whole of the  
the whole of the



1  
Sooyoot Home <sup>the Keger</sup>  
and the Keger Home <sup>and</sup> stored <sup>on</sup> the Crest  
of the tree near looking Oioyoot  
Lake, the harzous, the old H.B.  
Bridge and the better Island  
where h? Ifree qers "wild tame goats"  
nested, raised their young  
and loudly barked & hissed  
when riders & pack horses  
crossed the trail which led  
<sup>which</sup> ~~here~~ passed along the south side  
of the Island -  
It was on this trail that I first  
remembered h? Ifree qers, he was  
holding me in front of him on  
the saddle, he was riding a  
Mule - it had balked, & with water  
splashing past he wanted until it  
got over its "suck" or huff.  
I was a freer for that morning







2 I had climbed up on the Ranch  
made wooden wagon with the  
large wheels - hauled by the ~~lopes~~  
of ~~Oxen~~ Tom & Gerrit - the yoke of  
Oxen - and ~~sat~~ <sup>armed</sup> with long guns  
the Indian - ambled slowly to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~  
Gers & Hays - of ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~fur~~ over to  
Hingus - where I climbed off, ~~from~~  
poured on to get logs at the fair  
House - for firewood - as we had  
just moved in to the new House  
on the East side of the Lake -  
Mr & Mrs Krueger were surprised to  
see me there - & knew I would <sup>so</sup> ~~would~~ ~~be~~  
have the episode!!

The Trade  
Post

For Trade

1866

Sooyos House - established in 1866 by  
Fur Trader Rudolph Fudlman with the ~~advice~~ <sup>advice</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~traders~~ <sup>traders</sup>  
in charge <sup>1867</sup> ~~it~~ became a 'trading' point  
of travel - with trails north south east &  
west ~~converging~~ <sup>converging</sup> here - That Deer deer

the first  
building

Trail had been open through to the  
House in 1865 - The Colonial Revenue Office  
built of J. P. Hays in charge in 1865







But  
3 ~~But~~ Snyoor. Houder <sup>120 for cry</sup> a long way  
from Benigsee: Germany.  
While the above Kung was born  
30<sup>th</sup> of May 1829 - <sup>leaving</sup> left Germany  
in 1852 at an early age as a sailor on  
a sailing ship - for San Francisco.  
Where the lure of gold had drawn so  
many. By chance on the way he met  
his brother August - together they took  
up claims at Dutchmans Flat - made  
about \$10,000 each sold their claims  
and ~~went~~ <sup>took passage</sup> to New York - intending  
to go back to Germany, but the  
lure of the City soon parted them from their  
gold - so back to San Francisco as sailors  
1857 - 1858 he came up to Victoria where  
he ~~learned~~ or bought to war canoes  
from the Indians & transported freight  
from there to the Fraser River mines -  
Sold the outfit and with Thomas mined  
\* at Bodin Bar below Yale / ~~50 to~~  
in 1859 Thomas felled all the way into Horse.  
he went fly in the Caribou - not very



100 ft deep  
The first of these is a  
- - - - -  
which shows the  
30 ft of hard - 1820 - 1820  
in 1808 at the early end of the  
a similar trip - for some time  
where the turn of good had been  
near - 10 ft above the road to the  
two better the first - and then the  
up shows at the bottom - that - 10 ft  
about 10,000 feet below the  
and with the top in the  
to go back to the bottom, but the  
less of the trip not far from  
port - to look to some extent as a  
1827 - 1828 to come up to the  
is traced or found to be  
from the 10 ft above the  
the 10 ft above the  
- - - - -  
20 ft the first and with the  
at 10 ft above the  
- - - - -  
in 1808 on the 10 ft above the  
the 10 ft above the



Thos Kruger

MA

Born Hankamer - 1825 May -  
Came to San Francisco 1851  
as a sailor  
Sailing ship round the Horn -  
Left the ship and joined his  
brother George - at Dutch  
Flat - at Placer mining made  
a great deal of money - but made  
occasional trips to San Francisco  
& passed with it gambling & having  
a good time - Finally they  
sold out - he having a stake  
of \$10,000 - went as far as New  
York - & passed with his money -  
worked again as a sailor  
& returned to San Francisco  
late 1857.







Re Post office at Fairview.

In June 1897 - I went with family  
up to Verum for the Year Trial -  
(Mat Rodenick murder case - Caribou  
River) the stage stopped at Tommy  
Elliot's store - I got out went in  
and sat in a box of soap - talking  
to Elliott - a young fellow - tall  
in pastime and with the  
counter to a Pigeon Hole in the east  
wall - and looked for his mail -  
He wore a booted shirt no collar  
riding breeches - riding boots  
no coat - waist coat - hair fair  
& curly all buffed - and ran  
out - I asked Elliott who it was?  
He said the new Dickson White -  
that was my first sign of  
him!



2 Then to Midway - I was n<sup>o</sup> Saa by  
then - it was very hot and we  
did not have any more lunch  
late after noon - and stayed over  
night at Siddeys - in his log  
Cabin! Sophie Peon was living  
with him & a small child & Mrs.  
Peon - slept in my room - he is  
living somewhere across the  
line! Siddey brought the Pastor  
to Truqers to marry Rita Truqers  
to Wm Carmichael in Jan<sup>y</sup>.  
Feb. 1899? it was bitter cold!! -  
When Wawnek Amott was dressing  
stage he brought an English woman  
from Perth to Fairview - where  
Siddey an old man was waiting  
at the Hotel for her! He says they  
were married in Fairview -  
does not remember her name.



3 - so Elliott must have been Post  
Master - later on John Loe the  
Druggist - was Post Master, it  
was across the flat from the  
Govt. Office - which was in the town  
Uroyon 1st of May 1899 - but I  
don't think the Drug store was built  
until the next year - Remember  
to tell you a funny story about  
Beechie Bates a cutter his father  
got at that Post Office - the  
stage stopped there every day  
going to and coming from  
Prestiction - Elliotts Store was  
at the "mouth" of the Gulch - south of  
the the Golden Gate - Library stable  
opposite - across the road -  
Wonder what happened to the hidden  
papers - his wife died in Rock Co -



I have mistaid the list of Bouch  
marriages & deaths that Cairn  
~~Hutchell~~ Catchpole made out for me  
from the Fairview records in Kelowna  
Rev. Green - and others sent the names  
to Kelowna! I will have to get some  
one to help me sort, discard and  
file my papers -

Val is better today sat up for a few  
minutes - he has had a bad time  
for the last few days.  
Verna was in yesterday with her son  
Dickie - who was taking a truck  
load of stuff to the trustee's place at  
Olebo - give it the measure to see what  
he would require. Verna had worked  
all week - and will be on the next  
week an exchange teacher had  
been injured - all for now - but with  
will hope to see you.

Hester



## LANDMARKS.

Page 2

1860---1957.

Hester E White

log cabin

This Official Residence was very different from the ~~one-built~~ in 1860 on the Simiklamme where J.C. Haynes was first appointed Revinue Officer under the Colonial Government but he remained here until the spring of 1861 when he was instructed to move to the head of the lake at "Sooyoos" where a Cairn was unveiled this year. This Official structure was a double cabin, each facing the other with roof over all and a breeze-way between, a Mexico Type. An historical spot until 1965 for many historical characters visited ~~and-passed~~ from west to east and from north and south. Judge Begbie; Judge Vowell, O'Rielly, Saunders. and Cox. Edgar Dewdney, Walter Moberly, James Douglas, Okanagan Smith, Theo. Kruger Falls Allison, the Express Men carrying mail from Hope to Wild Horse Creek, Ranald was one, Bristol was another.

And then on June 20th. 1865 this abode was pulled to be removed to the "Narrows" and erected on the hill overlooking the lake about a quarter of a mile from it. This structure consisted of a "court room" or living room with two cells and Guard room at the north end. ~~Aleanto~~ kitchen with small bed room off it. There were stables etc. in a large collall.

W.H. Lowe had come to "Sooyoos" from eastern Canada via San Francisco about 1862, was made Constable together with Elwin and Young, and was in charge of the Office while J.C. Haynes was at Wild Horse Creek in 1863-4. Constable Young had been there as well.

Charlotte, J.C. Haynes' first wife came to "Sooyoos" in 1868, and had the distinction of being the first white woman tho' only eighteen, to reside at Sooyoos. And she lived in the "Jail House", until 1870 when







when she accompanied her husband to Wild Horse Creek, then in the fall of 1871 rode from there to <sup>with him</sup> ~~th~~ New Westminster 500 miles where he was to attend a meeting of the Legislative Council as the member for Kootney Yale. Charlotte died in May 1872 after the birth of her son Fairfax. During 1874 material was obtained for an Official Residence which was completed for the arrival of Emily Josephene as a bride on St. Valentines Day 1875 the second Mrs Haynes.

On December 21st. Val was born and on April 25th. Hester made her appearance. Sad to relate Fire destroyed this comfortable abode in January or February 1878. The picture of this building enclosed was taken by Mr Barrington Price in the Spring of 1876, no doubt with the first Camera used at Sooyoos. *where?*

So again the "Jail House" had to be occupied by the family until 1881 when the "Haynes Home" which is ~~still~~ now the home of Mr and Mrs Douglas Fraser was finished.

[After the death of Mr W.H. Lowe at Keremeos Mrs Lowe and small family moved into the old "Jail House" for two or three years. This memorable house ~~ba~~ was destroyed by fire in 1888, the year J.C. Haynes died.

<sup>who had been</sup> Mr W.H. Jones was in charge of the Office which was a short distance from the Haynes Home, during Mr Haynes absence remained on as Customs Officer for a year, Mr Theo. Kruger was then appointed to the post and the Customs was at "Krugers".

Then Chas. A. R. Lambly who had been at Camp McKinney was instructed to move all records to Osooyoosma combines Office, two prison cells and living quarters was built on the prow of the hill overlooking the lake just south of where the Elementary School now stands. Constable Howard Bullock Webster was appointed ~~a~~ this was in 1892, in 1893 Chas. de Blois Green a Surveyor's wife and two small children



LANDMARKS  
1860-1957

Hester E. White

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It was late afternoon of a very hot day, July 6th, 1888

Mother and I sat on the south east side of the house. Not a breath of wind came from any direction- the lake as calm as a mill pond. A loon called across the water and echoed in to the beyond. Gossip divers chattered as they swam, leaving a long fan-like ripple behind them as they swam. in the late sun.... The sky, not a cloud to mar its beautiful blue, was reflected together with the mountains

and the sage-covered hills, into the very depths of the lake.

Happy children('s voices came from the shore where Wil, Irene and Sherman paddled near the shore. Matilda was with them so that they were safe. The baby, Susan, just eight months old, was asleep in the green room.. Mother had been reading a letter from Pa -- written from Victoria, June 15th, where he had gone on Government business a month before, in which he mentioned he would be home today. The letter had been carried to Osoyoos by Hayes Van Volkanberg, buyer, who had come to Osoyoos to buy sheep from the drovers taking 12,000 sheep through to the upper Okanagan and Nicola. The flock had spent a day in our upper pasture and Mother had received 12 head for pasture levy. An air of a happy anticipation prevailed as Pa was expected home from his trip over the Hope trail, and my brothers Fairfax and Val, who had been at the Rev. Percy Jenness' school in Victoria would be with him. With Pa home we always felt safe and he always thought of us all with kindly gifts so that his homecomings were doubly joyous. Mother looked particularly nice today. She wore her hair, very black, in a four strand plait and pinned in such a way as to almost resemble a coronet. She was wearing the pink "peek-a-b--" blouse as my wee brother Sherman called it. A white Swiss muslin- real muslin of those days-. Sherry would peek through between the dots and say "peek-a-b--" We then shelled some peas, lovely green tender ones grown in our lower garden. Mr. Turkey Gobbler had sauntered up from the corrals - he seemed to

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It was late afternoon of a very hot day, July 6th, 1888. Mother and I sat on the south east side of the house. Not a breath of wind came from any direction - the lake as calm as a mill pond. A loon called across the water and echoed in to the beyond. Gossip divers chattered as they swam, leaving a long fan-like ripple behind them as they swam. In the late sun.... The sky, not a cloud to mar its beautiful blue, was reflected together with the mountains and the sage-covered hills, into the very depths of the lake. Happy children's voices came from the shore where Wil, Irene and Asherman paddled near the shore. Matilda was with them so they were safe. The baby, Susan, just eight months old, was safe in the green room. Mother had been reading a letter from Pa -- written from Victoria, June 15th, where he had gone on Government business a month before, in which he mentioned he would be home today. The letter had been carried to Osoyoos by Hayes Van Volkenberg, buyer, who had come to Osoyoos to buy sheep from the drovers taking 12,000 sheep through to the upper Okanagan and Nicola. The flock had spent a day in our upper pasture and Mother had received 12 head for pasture levy. An air of a happy anticipation prevailed as Pa was expected home from his trip over the Hope trail, and my brothers Fairfax and Val, who had been at the Rev. Percy Jennis' school in Victoria would be with him. With Pa home we always felt safe and he always thought of us all with kindly gifts so that his comings were doubly joyous. Mother looked particularly nice today. She wore her hair, very black, in a four strand plait and pinned in such a way as to almost resemble a coronet. She was wearing the pink "peek-a-b--" blouse as my wee brother Sherman called it. A white Swiss muslin - real muslin of those days - cherry would peek through between the dots and say "peek-a-b--" We then shelled some peas, lovely green tender ones grown in our lower garden. Mr. Turkey Gobbler had sauntered up from the corral - he seemed to



Know when it was pea-shelling time. He would swallow the pods until he had had his fill, then in spite of the heat would fan his tail drag his wings and strut off showing all his beautiful toleage colours- bronze ,green and turquoise blue painted over the black- his buzzard showing his age and great importance. Back he would go to the corral- later to roost on top the fowl house as it was beneath his dignity to perch with the cackling barnyard birds, dressed in various hues, who were as independent as you please laying just when they felt like it.- in the early spring when the grass got green and the days warmer. Then they were broody and nothing could change their minds, not even to be thrown in the lake.. Then there was Rooster who traded around. He would grow his spurs and become quite aged before finding himself in the pot. When it got dark some one had to catch Gobbler and put him in as an Owl had got his predecessor which together with two hens had been packed over the Hope trail. Mother was so proud as no doubt they were the first turkeys in our part of the Okanagan. But they were doomed- early in the spring the hens wandered off into the pasture to lay and we children hunted in vain for their nests - one day to find only a few feathers and some egg-shells. Mother cried over the loss, this last trio had been got up from Walla Walla in Washington- their places stood out in my childhood mind Hope- from where our H.B.Co goods were packed-- where we rode to on our way to the Coast and where the beef cattle were driven. Walla Walla-- from where my Father got the teams of horses and where the organ had been bought and brought to Osoyoos and a huge handwashing machine which Mrs. Noah must have used in the Ark. Then Colville<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>-- to which place a packer had been sent with packhorses to bring back the wheat , oats , oatmeal and flour for the ranch. Johnny Pierre. The Indian boy came slowly up from the corral, playing a native air on his Jew's harp, plaintive and



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wood and wenr  
wood and went into the summer h kitchen with it, came out again  
with two buckets which he took to the lake to fill. When he re-  
turned he came to the verhandah to say he was going for the cows-  
which would be at the north bars waiting to come into the big cor-  
ral,-below which in the little pasture their calves were kept-  
Matilda would milk them later

As the cows passed along in single file I noticed  
Peghorn, Lottie May and Spotty followed by Johnny with his Jew's  
harp. Mother would go over to the kitchen often to see how the  
dinner was progressing as after camp fare Father would expect so-  
mething special- then she would take the field glasses and go to  
the north side of the verhandah to see if there was dust on the  
trail down from Richter Pass. Dust jmeant travellers- but none rose  
on the breeze. The children had their suppers and were put to be  
bed. Themilk was brought in amdx put in covered pails and lowered  
into the well as was the butter meat and water. This well had been  
dug down 80 or 90 feet before the house was built.. but it seeme  
to be impossible to get below the blue clay, so the little water  
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No travellers arrived so Mother spent a lonely  
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ing to take a beef cattle drive down to the Coast. She said "How John?" Without answering her Cawston rode on down to the corra. Mother called to me to get the office key.. I ran into the house and took down the key which was about six inches long and hurried down the path to Pa's office, opened the door and Mother was prostrate in Pa's chair, Cawston was standing by. They had come in by the other door. I went to her and child that I was poured my strength and courage to her.. I seemed to know by instinct that my father was dead. I got Mother up to the house; gave her some wine. A hush seemed to have descended on the whole household. I sat with Mother on the Verandah overlooking the lake- she and I were too stunned to speak but thoughts must have crowded her mind as they did mine. As night descended a late moon rose over the mountains casting shadows across the still waters of the lake- out near the long island as we always called the spit of land across the lake a ruffle appeared in the moonlight, an occasional duck swam in the light. It was to the far side of the long island that Pa would row in the "rocking boat about 5 a.m., undress and dive into the deep blue water off the shore.

What did his death mean to us as a family?

Just nothing short of disaster. Our home had been a kind loving father protected and guarded by a kind and loving generous father who was planning a secure future for each one of his six children. We had freedom in every sense of the word. The whole outdoors as a playground; the lake to bathe in in summer- to skate on and sleighride on in winter.- horses to ride, green pastures to roam in trees to climb- good food- good clothes and a good father and mother.

Would Mother live up to the responsibilities imposed on her. For 13 years Pa had endured hardship, loneliness and sorrow to provide this home for us. Was it to be swept away?



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down the path to Pa's office, opened the door and Mother  
was prostrate in Pa's chair, Cawston was standing by. They had come  
in by the other door. I went to her and child that I was poured  
my strength and courage to her.. I seemed to know by instinct that  
my father was dead. I got Mother up to the house; gave her some wine.  
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they did mine. As night descended a late moon rose over the mountains  
casting shadows across the still waters of the lake- out near the  
the long island as we always called the spit of land across the  
lake a rifle appeared in the moonlight, an occasional duck swam  
in the light. It was to the far side of the long island that Pa  
would row in the "rocking boat about 5 a.m., undress and dive into  
the deep blue water off the shore.

What did his death mean to us as a family?  
Just nothing short of disaster. Our home had been a kind loving  
xxxxxxx  
father protected and guarded by a kind and loving generous father  
who was planning a secure future for each one of his six children  
We had freedom in every sense of the word. The whole outdoors as  
a playground; the lake to bathe in in summer- to skate on and sleigh  
sleighride on in winter.- horses to ride, green pastures to roam  
in trees to climb- good food- good clothes and a good father and  
mother.  
Would Mother live up to the responsibilities imposed on her  
For 13 years Pa had endured hardship, loneliness and sorrow  
to provide this home for us. Was it to be swept away?



I got mother to bed and stayed with her all night...patted Florida water on her head and arms and fanned her for the night was hot.-- rubbed her Knees I as I had so sften done before and no one came. Maatilda was busy with the children and Johnny Pierre with the milik , dishes etc,. The first to arrive were Mr. and Mrs Daley. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger were in California. The blinds were a all drawn in the large diningroom and there we all sat. Not a word was said.

About 4 p.m. a wagon with the black coffin on iit pulled up on the east side of the house Tom, my father's lovely sorrel h horse was tied on behind with my father's saddle on and his ridin ing boots reversed in the stirrups----- Val got off his horse, for he had ridden from Allison's and ran into the dining room to Mother. All was quiet and then we were in the green room-- the black coffin there with the Immortelles , candles in the brass candlesticks, lighted. Mr Henry Nicholson reading the service, rroom hot and close, odor unbearable, and then we were at th e graveside, numerous people , and many many Indians.

Then all were gathered in the dining room, the large door in the hall was open and I was in the corner, behind it-- red reduced to tears. Joe McKay found me , put his arm around me and took me to the blue room to comfort me. He was Joe McKay, the Indian agent and a very wonderful man.

R. :L Cawston was there, Harry Pittendrigh, Henry Nicholson, Bob Stevenson, Hiram Smith; of course, Gregoire (chief) Susap, for he told me he had received a letter from my fatther to meet him at Osoyoos at that time. Susap had been herding cattle at Grande Prairie at that time.. He said he never worked for aneo one again.



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My Father, John Carmichael Haynes, son of Jonas Haynes and Hester Carmichael was born at Landscape , County Cork, Ireland on July 6th 1831. When he was 27 tales of the gold mines and adventures to be found in the new colony of B.C. came drifting back in letters from friends who had gone to seek fortunes there. This lure became too great and young John turned to his influential uncle, James Carmichael of Hyndford for assistance. He was a personal friend of Chartres Brewer who had been an officer in the Irish Constabulary and who had been recently appointed Inspector of Police for B.C. Haynes obtained a strong testimony from the Mayor and Magistrate of Cork and letters from friends known personally to Brew who were Magistrates for County and City. Armed with these John Haynes set sail for Victoria; having bade farewell to a heartbroken mother and a sad father who he was never to see again. Travelling by way of Panama and San Francisco he arrived in Victoria on Christmas Day 1858. Through Chartres Brew he met Governor Douglas, and requested an appointment in the new B.C. Police. He left within a few days for the mainland, their destination being Yale where a disorder among the miners had the authorities seriously alarmed. Colonel Moody and 25 newly arrived Royal Engineers were already on the scene and a hundred marines and bluejackets from H.M.S. Sattelite were hurried to Ft. Langley. Constable Cox arrived shortly after at Fort Yale. The disturbance known as the



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by Nestor Haynes White

May 1st, 1895. OSOY00S

Yes, it was the 1st of May so many years ago. I had been out from England, at least back from England where I had been at the Convent of Notre Dame at Plymouth, Cornwall. Today Mother had received disturbing news from Victoria, no doubt from the administrator of our estate (the Haynes estate) E.A. McPhillips, to the effect that the property was to be sold--20,000 acres of range land and 3,000 head of cattle which did number 3,000 head when my father died in 1888. I was to drive Mother and little Susan over to Krugers where they would catch the stage at 8 a.m. It was a lovely May morning and as we drove along I noticed that the hawthorne was all in bloom, so beautiful and fragrant. I returned to the old home and realized that I was to be in charge of the domestic affairs of the house. Irene, who was 13½ was with me, but she had always been excused from household duties so the responsibility was all mine.. James Stuart was staying in the house. he was the new manager appointed by the Trustee. Louis Cuppage shared his room and Tom Curry and George Inglis were part of the ranch. Of course Val, Will and Sherman were home too, so my household consisted of 9 for me-- so inexperienced.

My first problem was yeast. to be made with potato water, flour sugar, salt and hops tied in a little muslin bag and let boil. Then the starter must be added when it was lukewarm. I placed the butter keg near the stove to be kept warm, waited and wondered. It foamed and bubbled but did not rise to the top of the wooden keg., so I sent Sherman, then 12, with a note to Howard Bullock Webster asking his advice-- should the yeast rise to the top of the bucket, etc. I think he rode back with Sherman to tell me if it foamed and "worked" it was ripe" -- just put it away in a cool place and use a cupful when I had to make bread. He told the tale on me many times., always with laughter//

So my days were full with cooking three meals a day and



My father's house - white

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his cowboy hat floating on the water top. Just then Mr. Dick Sid-

ney had up and fed and Irene and I were in the kitchen a man arrived at the side door and asked if he could get some meal and stay by as night. He/Irene had a headache was riding a bicycle the first to venture into that part of the country. He was one of the Smith Brothers. stationers at Vernon. Next day an Indian came to tell Val Smith had ridden down through the reserve and to their amazement it had only two wheels- one here-"you-wa" and one there "you -wa"- pe yakka courie coupa oyhoit//

I rode down to Okanagan Smith(s with Irene to see the orchard in Bloom. Susap, Johnny Stilkia and Baptist came one day from Inkameep to ask me to order some fruit trees for them-- so I made out an order to Laritz Bros. for them also ordered 50 trees of various fruit for ourselves.

When I came from England I had a precious gold sovereign given to me by every dear friend at Saltash . My wise brothers advised me to buy three little pigs which foolishly I did one broke its leg and someone stole the other;.one was Stubbs for he had no tail and he loved the gingerbeer we made, which was no good- could drink it out of the bottle. Another day Irene Sherman and myself were rummaging in the old cellar, storehouse, where once had been stored provisions of every description, wines liquors, Cross and Blackwells' jams etc etc. Now it was empty but we found a mysterious stone bottle ,took it up to the house and pulled the cork. It was sweet and delicious, so we each had two or three drinks - then we went to the lake and got in to an old boat-Sherman at the stern- Irene and I were rowing. All at once the boat filled with water. Sherman jumped off into deep water



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Then we noticed a hack drive past the ~~garralexxxx~~ the house towards the corrals, shortly after a Mr. DickLowe, deputy sherriff came to the door and asked to take an inventory of the furnishings etc in the house. I calmly told him I was in charge as Mother was away and could not allow him in. I realized then that he was the deputy sherriff and that we were being sold out. Irene and I pulled Mother's buggy to the back of the house. This and the contents of the house were all that were saved. Our own saddlehorses were driven down in to the pasture but curiosity made them wander back to the stables and they were sold, Sherman's for \$4.00// Pemberton, the sheriff sat in the hack, having had more than a plenty and Windy Dick Lowe was the auctioneer. There had only been the early roundup so the count of 1300 head were sold for for \$13.00 a head- no calves were counted nor yearlings, and the land 20,000 acres for the mortgage, \$90,000.00. At lunch time I walked to the stables to tell Val lunch was ready. In his good-hearted way he asked Tom Ellis to come to lunch. As we walked back to the house Sherman ran up beside me, tears in his eyes, and said -Hes, ask Mr. Ellis if I can have my horse-- Iturned to Mr. Ellis and asked if Sherman could have his horse. Tom Ellis answered QY "yes, until I need him". Tom had had 'more an plenty toend it was rather amusing to see the butter smeared over his grey beard when he sat at our lunch table. And so we were penniless and homeless and were required to move by the 1st of October-- no wagon, no horses, no nothing but some furnishings and a buggy./

While Mother was away the trees arrived from Laritz- 50 of them, the Indians had picked theirs up at Krugers and believed it or not Irene and I dug the holes carried pails of water from the lake and p;anted them. Our little orchard was to be between the house and the office. Each evening we carried a pail of water to each tree



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downstairs. The clink of bottles and glasses made me realize the "Men" of the household were on a spree. I got up and stood with my back to the door, for there was no key, and prayed. I did not disturb Irene for she would be more frightened than I. Then I heard the men coming upstairs for there were three other bedrooms. Val and Will were away, Sherman aged 12, slept in the far room. I stood in the dark and listened and prayed and was thankful the four went to their rooms. Next morning as I came down stairs Mr. Stewart

was telling Sherman to remove the bottle and glasses mess before Miss Haynes came down, but Miss Haynes was already down and said "yes, Mr Stewart, better remove the mess yourself." He very humbly set to work.

Mother arrived home to hear that the worst had happened --we were sold out-- though she had obtained an 'injunction' against the sale but the messenger from Penticton had been waylaid with a bottle and the telegram had never arrived. We soon had notice from Tom Ellis to vacate our home. Irene and I were sent with a note up to Boundary Valley to Frank Richter asking him to rent us the Nicholson ranch at Rock Creek- the Henry Nicholson place- which my Father had had the first mortgage on, but had never registered it, having too much respect for a valued friend. Frank Richter had the second mortgage and had foreclosed. It was decided that I was to ride over with Dora Pittendrigh and August Kruger to Rock Creek to prepare the cabins, which had not been occupied for three or four years, except by horses trying to get away from the flies and by bushrats.

I have evidence that it is years since this all happened but since then our home at Osoyoos with the 250 acres of land was held under a Military Grant (the Thos. Forgery) which was good for 99 years, and then ours by Mr. Patterson had surveyed it and it was not included in the mortgage and those who conducted the sale that day in May 1895 were all trespassing



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for it was not until later that a great friend of ours 'inveigled' my Mother into signing a Q "quitclaim" to our home and land for \$300.00; and he had been influenced to do it after Ellis had approached two others who had refused to stoop so low. My one worst friend, ~~Tom Ellis~~, who immediately we left put in his pre-emption stakes. And this had happened to the family of J.C. Haynes, who had so honorably lived a just true life for thirty years at Osoyoos.

It was Dan Driscoll who lent us a team and wagon to haul our effects to Rock Creek and Susap, the Indian, who lent Mother a team to take her in the buggy to Rock Creek.

Signed

Hester E White

One afternoon when things seemed so hopeless and forlorn I said to Mother, "I would love a chicken dinner" She replied "catch the chicken, kill it, and I will cook it." I caught the poor thing, got the block and the ax. Irene was to hold it. When the time came I failed. Irene said "mother and I will do it", so she took the ax, Irene held the poor victim-shut her eyes-turned her head. Down came the ax, Irene let go and away ran the chicken with its head awry, cut in the neck and blood running out. Poor thing went into the chicken house. George Inglis came along later and caught it and one or two others and killed them, and we had chicken dinner after all.



for it was not until later that a great friend of ours 'inveigled' my Mother into signing a "quitclaim" to our home and land for \$300.00; and he had been influenced to do it after Willie had approached two others who had refused to stoop so low. My one worst friend, Tommie Williams, who immediately we left put in his pre-emption stakes. And this had happened to the family of J.C. Haynes, who had so honorably lived a just true life for thirty years at Osage. It was Dan Driscoll who lent us a team and wagon to haul our effects to Rock Creek and Snapp, the Indian, who lent Mother a team to take her in the buggy to Rock Creek.

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